

One morning when he had roasted a parcel of those roots which he used to eat instead of bread, having spread them on his table to cool, he went out to walk, leaving his door open to let the air in. At his return home, a companion, far exceeding any he ever had, waits his return; which was a beautiful monkey of the finest kind, and most complete sort. Beholding that wonderful creature, and in his own possession, at the farthest end of the lodge, and him at the entrance thereof to oppose its flight, if offered, he is at once filled with joy and admiration. Having a considerable time admired the beast, which all the while stood unconcerned, now and then eating of the roots that lay before him, he shuts the door, and goes in, with a resolution of staying within all day, in order to tame him.

This most wonderful animal having, by its surprising tractability and good nature, joined to its matchless handsomeness, gained its master's love, he thought himself doubly recompenced for all his former losses. One day as his dear *Beaufidelle* (for so he called that admirable creature) was officiating the charge he had of his own accord taken, being gone for wood, as he was wont to do when wanted, he finds in his way a wild

pome-

pomegranate, the extraordinary size of which he caused it to fall off. He takes it home, and then returns with a faggot; in which time *Quarll*, with goodness of the inside might answer, ward beauty, cuts it open, and finds a dull lusciousness, too flat for eating. He imagined it might be eat with things and sharp taste. Having boiled some, he puts it into a vessel, with a sauce which is of the taste and nature of some of the pomegranate, let it infuse some time, now and then stir it; which the monkey having taken notice of the same; but one very hot day, he lay the vessel in the sun, making it four.

*Quarll*, who very much wanted his sauces, was well pleased at this, and continued souring of the liquor proved excellent, he made a five gallon full of it; having several, which he found upon the rock.

Having now store of vinegar, he began making some pickles, which he effected some that tasted like capers, beans, &c.

The disappointment of having more comfortable than water to drink